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Mr. Vernon Democratic Banner.

VOLUME XXIII.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO: TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1860.

NUMBER 45.

The Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY L. HARPER.

Office in Woodward's Block, Third Story

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vance; \$2.50 within six months; \$3.00 after six
months; and \$4.00 for a year. Single copies
five cents.

For Poor Boys.

Great Men who Rose from the Ranks.

From the barber shop rose Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny, and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain; Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of English Lord Chief Justices; and Turner, the very greatest among landscape painters. No one knows to a certainty what Shakespeare was; but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a very humble rank. The common class of day laborers has given us Brindley, the engineer; Cook, the navigator; and Burns, the poet. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Johnson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edwards and Telford, the engineers; Hume, the geologist; and Allen Cunningham, the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Luigi Jones, the architect; Harrison, the chronometer maker; John Hunter, the physiologist; Romney and Olin, painters; Professor Lee, the orientalist; and John Gibson, the sculptor. From the weaver or class have sprung Simpson, the mathematician; Bacon the sculptor; the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson, the ornithologist; Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveler; and Tanshill, the poet. Shoemakers have given us Sturgeon, the electrician, Sam'l Drew, the essayist; Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review; Bloomfield the poet; and William Carey, the missionary; whilst Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts. Within the last year, a profound naturalist has been discovered in the person of a shoemaker, at Banff, named Thos. Edwards, who, while maintaining himself by his trade, has devoted his leisure to the study of natural science in all its branches, his researches in connection with the smaller crustacea having been rewarded by the discovery of a new species to which the name of Pranzky Edwardsi has been given by naturalists.

Nor have the tailors been altogether undistinguished; Jackson, the painter having worked at that trade until he reached manhood. But what is, perhaps, more remarkable of the gallantest of British seamen, Admiral Lubbock, who broke the boom at Algiers in 1792, originally belonging to this calling. He was working as a tailor's apprentice near Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, when the news flew through the village that a squadron of men-of-war were sailing off the island. He sprang from the shop-board and ran down with his comrades to the beach to gaze on the glorious sight. The tailor boy suddenly inflamed with the ambition to be a sailor, and springing into a boat, he rowed off to the squadron, gained the Admiral's ship and was accepted as a volunteer. Years after he returned to his native village, full of honors, and dined off bacon and eggs, in the cottage where he had worked as a tailor's apprentice. Cardinal Wolsey, DeFoe, Akenside, and Kinkadee, were sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker. Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam engine are those of Newcomen, Watt and Stevenson; the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine fireman. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, and Bewick, the father of wood engraving, were coal miners. Doubly was footman, and Holcroft a groom. Baffin the navigator, was a common seaman, and Sir Cloudesley Shove, cabin boy.—Herchel played the oboe in a military band.—Chantry a journeyman carver, Eddy a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper.

Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith was in early life apprentice to a bookbinder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and obscure points in natural science. Not long ago Sir Roderick Murchison discovered, at Thurso, in the far North of Scotland, a profound geologist, in the person of a baker there, named Robert Dick. When Sir Roderick called upon him at the bake house, in which he baked and earned his bread, Dick delineated to him, by means of flour upon a board, the geographical features and geological phenomena of his native country, pointing out the imperfections in the existing maps, which he had ascertained by travelling over the country in his leisure hours. On further inquiry, Sir Roderick ascertained that the humble individual before him was not only a capital baker and geologist but a first rate botanist, "I found," said the Director General of the Geographical Society, "to my great humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science, say, ten times more, than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased; but the greater portion had been accumulated by his industry in his native county of Caithness, and the specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order, with their scientific names affixed."—Self Help. By Samuel Smiles.

The Creeds of the World.

Mr. C. F. W. Deitrich, a very thorough and careful statistical Department of Berlin, estimating the population of the world at 1,200,000,000, sets down the Asiatic religions as believed by 600,000,000, or about 45 per cent; the Christian religion by 335,000,000, or about 25 per cent; Pagans 200,000,000, or about 15 per cent; Mohammedans 160,000,000, or about 12 per cent.

The 335,000,000 Christians are again divided into 170,000,000 Roman Catholics, or about 50 per cent; 89,000,000 Protestants, about 25 per cent; and 76,000,000 Greek Catholics, about 22 per cent.

Literary Miscellany.

"LIFE FOR A LIFE."

THE LAST BULLET.

The United States ship-of-war Constellation, was anchored in the harbor of Algiers, whither she had proceeded under command of Commodore Preble, having on board, among other officers, Charles Stewart, then an acting Lieutenant. It was the watch of young Stewart, and he was pacing to and fro on the deck, about half an hour after sunset, when he saw a small boat, containing a single person, coming off from the Old Fort, as the western part of the town is called, and heading directly for the ship. This person was rowing with all his might, and Stewart was not long in discovering the cause. Close behind the single boatman was seen a large rover, filled with men, whose presence was announced by a continued firing at him of whom they were in such a determined pursuit, holding on their way until they were under the very guns of the ship.

"Now, by my soul!" cried Stewart, "may I be shot if I don't teach those fellows a lesson. Stand by Mr. Rogers," he added, addressing a favorite gunner, "to throw a little grape into that fellow."

An instant later a wreath of smoke curled up from the side of the ship, and as the report went booming over the water, the iron messenger sped on its way, crashing into the pursuing boat, severely wounding two or three of her crew. She instantly turned to put back, at the same time that the fugitive reached his destination, and came up the side into the presence of the officer of the deck. He was an elderly man, with a stout frame and bowish features; but it required but a single glance from the lieutenant to see that he was English or American. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his over-exertion to breathe he went on to tell his story, to which Stewart listened with much excitement. The newcomer was an American citizen, named James Collins, a native of New York, who, with his daughter, had been taken from an American vessel at the same time as its commander and crew, two years before, by an Algerine pirate. His wife had since died, and he and his daughter had been enduring since his capture all the horrors of a hopeless and aggravated captivity; but the worst part of the poor man's story, and that which moved Lieutenant Stewart the most, was the announcement that his daughter, a gentle and beautiful girl, was on the eve of being forced into a detestable union with the very wretch who had bought her and her father as slaves.

"My agony at these circumstances culminated not two hours ago," finished the father, "when I struck the persecutor insensible to my feet and fled. By dint of exertion I managed to reach the water side, and marked before the pirates could prevent it. But though I have succeeded in reaching this place of safety, my poor Alice is still in the power of her tormentor, exposed to his vengeance; I am almost crazy at thinking that she may even now be subjected to a fate worse than death. If I could only guide a boat's crew, under four orders!"

"One moment," interrupted Stewart, "stay where you are until I have seen Commodore Preble."

One moment the young lieutenant was engaged with his commander in the cabin, and then he came forth with a stern smile of satisfaction on his features. Ten minutes more had not passed before a cutter, with twelve chosen men, pushed off in the darkness, with the lieutenant and the stranger in the stern, and rapidly struck out for the shore.

"Our owner," said Mr. Collins, "resides in the western part of the city. There is a coast guard established, but I do not apprehend that we shall have any especial trouble from that source. I think we can land below, go up the street to the house, and carry off my child, and all without losing a man."

The boat landed, after twenty minutes of rapid progress, and at a small wharf near the Geleto, in the western part of the town. The arrival was certainly observed, but not a great deal of attention was bestowed upon it by the stupid Algerines. Leaving part of his men in the cutter, with orders for them to lie down under the wharf Lieutenant Stewart and the remainder of his force followed the footsteps of Mr. Collins, who led the way rapidly up the intervening streets.—On arriving at the prison, an old, dingy-looking structure, extremely spacious, having all the looseness of the Moorish style, the party discovered that silence and darkness were the principal features of the scene. Not a sound was heard nor a word uttered. The whole building was deserted. The agony of the father was extreme.

"Oh, my child! my child!" he cried, no longer able to control the terrible emotions which had been surging through his soul during the last hour, "shall I never see thee more?"

A Moorish slave came around from the rear of the building, and assured his fellow-captive that the girl had been carried off by the master, and that no one was at home save himself. But as the lying rascal uttered the concluding words, a wild shriek was heard in the chamber, and the next moment a young and beautiful girl of seventeen summers appeared at one of the front windows, looking like a spectre in her garments of spotless white.

"My child, my Alice!" exclaimed Mr. Collins.

"Save me father!" was the response; and while the shouts and groans were heard proceeding from the interior of the building, the maiden threw herself from the low window, falling into the very arms of her father and Lieutenant Stewart. The very moment of this reunion was destined to be that in which a company of Algerine troops came round the nearest corner, marching up the street in the direction of Lieutenant Stewart and his men. It was also at the same moment that the old Moor, who had so long considered himself the proprietor of Mr. Collins and his daughter, came to the window and set up a startling yell.

"This way!" cried Mr. Collins, and dashed open

the door of the front building, and conducted the entire party within.

"Look to your weapons, and take the rascals off their pins the instant they halt," said Stewart.

A sharp and determined struggle soon commenced, in the course of which half the Moorish soldiers were killed, and the remainder finally gave way. But the rescuers had expended all their ammunition, and only a single bullet was remaining, and that was in a large horse pistol in the possession of Lieutenant Stewart. He was just wondering what he should do with it, when the old Moor came down stairs with a huge sabre in his grasp, and made a furious dash at Mr. Collins and his daughter, with murder written on his features and flashing from his eyes. The sudden arrival decided the destination of the last bullet.

"Take it, you black devil!" cried Stewart, just as the blow was descending, and he fired his weapon, the bullet passing through the miser's head and bringing him dead on the floor.—"Now boys," added Lieutenant Stewart, "we are going to finish with a hand-to-hand fight. The powder and balls are all out; we must trust to the sword."

Closely followed by his men, as well as by Mr. Collins and Alice, the Lieutenant led the way towards the boat. It seemed as if all Algerians had turned out to witness the triumphant retreat, the streets being filled with thousands of men and women collected together by the brief contest at the Moor's house, but not an attempt was made to intercept the progress of the party, the Algerians contenting themselves with acclamations and denunciations. Ten minutes later the rescuers were at the cutter, twenty minutes more and the entire party were safely back to the Constellation not having lost a man. The young Lieutenant received the hearty thanks of his superior, to say nothing of the gratitude of Mr. Collins and his daughter whose family proved to be of consequence in New York; and we are assured that Charles Stewart never was happier in his life than when Miss Alice was united to one of his "chums," a noble hearted lieutenant, now a commodore, who fell in love with the rescued maiden during the Constellation's homeward passage.

Interesting Variety.

Bank Robbed of \$17,882.

On the night of the 23d instant the branch Bank of Tennessee, at Clarksville, was entered and robbed of \$17,882, most of which was in twenty dollar gold pieces, principally new gold. The locks to the doors were all as they were left locked the night before. It is supposed the locks were picked. Thus far no clue has been had to the discovery of the robber, nor is any particular person suspected. A reward of \$3,500 is offered for the discovery of the thief and recovery of the money.

The Southern Convention.

The Legislature of Virginia will, it is believed, throw a wet blanket upon the proposition for holding a Southern Convention with a view to the consideration of the expediency of a separation of the Southern States from the Union.—Mr. Barbour has made a report from a special committee on the subject, in which he takes Governor Wise's ground, that the State of Virginia can best protect her rights by remaining within the Union.

Iron Masters' Convention.

A large convention of iron masters, furnace men and capitalists met in Portsmouth, Ohio, on Tuesday morning of last week. On a call of delegates, it appeared that nearly every furnace and iron interest in Kentucky and Ohio was represented. After organization a statement was made of the iron interest of the two States, from which it appears that the yearly average produce of pig iron from sixty-two furnaces was 155,000 tons per annum; value of cold and hot blast metal, \$4,650,000; population supported by furnaces, 31,000; hands employed, 6,200, &c.—In the afternoon the committee to whom the matter was entrusted, reported a memorial to Congress, in which they represent that the iron manufacture is in such depressed condition as to render the capital invested scarcely remunerative, and that relief can only be afforded by a specific duty on the import of foreign iron.

The Chicago Scandal Case.

The newspapers have been filled for some days with an account of a scandalous *crim. con.* case, which was said to have occurred in Chicago between an ex-member of Congress and the wife of a prominent banker. The names of the parties are now given in the Court records of Chicago, for an application for divorce. Isaac H. Burch was the plaintiff and Mary N. Burch was the defendant. David Stuart was the ex-member of Congress alluded to. He was formerly a resident of Detroit, and was always regarded in the light of a "gray deceiver." Mrs. Burch, like Mrs. Slickles, has made a confession of guilt and reduced it to writing in the presence of a notary. The Chicago Press and Tribune says that Mrs. Burch now retracts her statement which she avers was extorted from her, and that the defence will attempt to drive the petitioner to furnish evidence outside that so-called confession, if any such evidence exists.

The Devilites of Camphene.

At St. Thomas, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, last Sunday, as the Rev. Mr. McCord was about to commence preaching his farewell sermon, in the Methodist Episcopal Church—the church being filled with people—a camphene lamp, hanging in the aisle, exploded, to the great consternation of the congregation. The scene that ensued was awful for a few minutes. Every person supposed that the whole house was on fire. The ladies became very much frightened. Some of them fainted, and all screamed at the top of their voices. A rush was made for the door. In the excitement, some person, dreading the consequences of delay, bounced through one of the windows, carrying out sash glass and everything else. Although for awhile all thought that escape from death or serious injury would be impossible, yet no person was hurt. The floor of the building caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.

A Modern Lacedon—Terrible Conflict with a Snake.

It was only a week or two since that we announced the arrival at Salem, from Africa, of a monster boa-constrictor, in size one of the largest ever brought to this country. Its length, in its quiet state, was full thirty feet, with a capability of extension, when in motion, to nearly forty feet. In its largest part it was some twenty inches in circumference.

This snake was purchased by Mr. Goodwin, of this city, and placed on exhibition at Horticultural Hall, School-street, where it proved quite attractive. Last week, however, his snakeship exhibited symptoms of illness in the form of indigestion, and upon one occasion Mr. Bishop, the keeper, removed a number of feathers of an animal which the reptile had swallowed, from its throat.

On Sunday the snake was treated to a warm bath, and Mr. Bishop was again attempting to remove some obstructions from its throat, when the snake suddenly exhibited signs of hostility, erected its head, seized Mr. Bishop by the hand, and commenced to coil its enormous length about the body of the keeper, in order to crush him to death. The other attendant, in the first moments of alarm, retreated, but recalled by the cries for help of the imprisoned keeper, they armed themselves with clubs, and commenced to belabor the snakes in order to induce him to release his hold.

No impression was made, however, and one coil was already around the body of the unfortunate man, when a brother of Mr. Goodwin came to the rescue with a large hammer. With this he struck the snake two violent blows upon the head, which together with a violent clanking about the throat, induced the reptile to uncoil its coil, when Mr. Bishop was at once set free from his horrible imprisonment. The snake soon began to sink under the treatment which it had received, and in two hours was dead. Its remains were purchased by Mr. Vickery, of Lynn, who will have the skin stuffed for preservation.—Boston Traveller.

[From the Saginaw Courier, Feby. 2.]
Thrilling Adventure—A Party Carried Off into Saginaw Bay upon a Cake of Ice.

On Monday a party of gentlemen, consisting of John Sharp, (light-house keeper,) Captain Duell, L. Jewell, J. Hudson, Ben Trombley and others, visited the Bay for the purpose of seeing the Indians and others fish for trout. About two o'clock some of the party observed a singular motion of the ice—it appeared there was a strong current in the water—but an examination disclosed the fact that the ice upon which they were standing had parted between them and the shore, and that they were rapidly floating into Lake Huron. They at once put their horses in motion, to find some point where they could get to the main land, but could find no such place in the mean time they were going very rapidly, the wind blowing a gale from the shore.

Their situation was very dangerous, both as regards the danger of the breaking up of the ice upon which they were, and the severe cold. Great excitement existed at Bay City, among the inhabitants generally, and many plans for their relief were talked of and canvassed.—James Frazier, Esq., generously offered to pay for a fish boat and for hands to go to their rescue, but nothing finally was done. They floated some fourteen miles, when one end of the ice fortunately grounded on Squaw Point. They made a rush for the shore, after first getting off their horses and sleighs. The ice was much broken, and they had to travel some distance over separate cakes to reach the shore.

The Indians got across on the other side of the Bay, near Kaw-kaw-in, about dark. Some parties who started about dark to search for them got lost in a flurry of snow, and had much difficulty in getting home. The ride was "free gratis for nothing."

Singular Monomania.

A friend who writes to the Home Journal from Lake Ontario, gives an account of a singular monomania:

We have some originals about here who would have been perfect "nuggets" to Cooper. Among them is an old, withered mummy, whom we call "Commodore," from the fact of his being the best fisherman on the lake. At some time in early life he must have become deranged, and on his recovery of mind began life as a new creature—his recollection of what passed before his lunacy is entirely obliterated.

His theory of advent into this world is, that he was, at about the age of seven hundred years, ejected from the planet Jupiter for some violation of the laws in that orb, and on recovering from the effects of that tremendous fall, found himself on the shore of this lake. At first he says, the food of this earth did not suit him, he having subsisted, before his fall, entirely on electricity—the only food known in Jupiter!—However, after having nearly perished from starvation, he discovered that whisky and gin so nearly resembled electricity in their effects on his system, that he has made shift to support nature by using a plentiful admixture of them with fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables and tobacco, which latter article, he thinks, is sufficient to render life in this miserable, raw, cold, new world tolerable—even pleasant. The man has received a good English education, as can be discovered in his speech, quotations, &c. He disappears at times, and is absent for months, hidden in the forests of Pennsylvania; his dislike for the habitations of man are so strong that he sleeps, when night overtakes him; under the lee of a log, or more commonly in his boat. He is—mentally, morally and physically—a fragment suggestive to a philosopher.

Romance Played Out.

The Marietta Republican says: "A young lady of our acquaintance, who, a few months since, rejected the hand of an educated and industrious mechanic, and had her eyes dazzled and her heart captivated by a gold-headed cane and gold watch guard, is now the broken hearted wife of a felon—her husband is an inmate of a Western Penitentiary."

The Distinguished Dead of the Last Ten Years.

Within the last ten years death has taken the scepter and closed the reigns of sovereigns on the thrones of Russia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Naples, Portugal, Brazil, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. One President of the United States and one Ex-President have died, while Louis Philippe has joined the sceptered host, having previously lost his earthly crown. Numerous illustrious men have departed, prominent among whom will be found the names of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Peel, Wellington, South, Thiers, Chateaubriand, Metternich, Wordsworth, Moore, Rogers, Lockhart, Wilson, Macaulay, Hallam, De Quincy, Irving, Prescott, Crawford, Sedgwick, and numerous others, while the names of Jane Porter, Jane Taylor, Miss Milford, Miss Edgeworth and others have added brilliant luster to the roll of eminent and illustrious women.

A Prosperous State.

Texas, says the New Orleans Picayune, has become the favorite point sought by the adventurous and enterprising of all the States.—Population is increasing with unexampled speed. Lands are rising in value every year. The resources of this magnificent State are rapidly developed. Her cotton production shows extraordinary progress. She already produces sugar to the extent of thousands of hogheads. Her prairies are dotted with thousands and tens of thousands of sheep and cattle, and the time is not distant when her product of wool will surpass the most flourishing of the older States, and the amount of her stock sent to a Southern market exceed that furnished by the great valley of the West.

A Romance which was not all a Romance.

The circumstances attending a rope ladder love match and elopement were brought to light in the Tiffin papers last week. It seems that a sleek only tongued young fellow, said to be from Columbus, visited Tiffin frequently during the summer, and was exceedingly attentive to a respectable young lady residing there. She foolishly believed his smooth words and consented to elope with him, upon his promising to marry her at Columbus as soon as they arrived there.

They left Tiffin on an afternoon train. When they came to a village near Forest, he said he had some business and wished to stop over one train and urged her to represent herself as his wife. She consented reluctantly and he delayed until the night train passed and they passed the night together. On the morning their elopement excited surprise and inquiry. Observing that trouble was brewing, the hero and the villain of this romance "eloped," leaving his victim among strangers, betrayed and penniless. After being ordered out of the hotel she confessed the truth of the affair, as stated above, and some benevolent gentlemen furnished her with money enough to return home, where she arrived a wiser and much sadder girl. The unromantic denouement of this melancholy affair is said to have created a sensation in the neighborhood in which it transpired, and may prove a warning to those susceptible young ladies who are apt to "love not wisely but too well."

The Sugar Crop.

The accounts furnished by the newspapers in Texas and Louisiana do not show that the recent hard frosts in those States, have seriously injured the sugarcane. The Houston Telegraph of the 6th inst., says the wheat crop is quite promising, and the cotton fields are in excellent condition for the spring work. The sugar is even less injured than reported some time since. A gentleman from the Gulf Prairie plantations assures us that much of the stubble appears sound, and many planters are quite sanguine of a fair start yet for a tolerable crop this year.

Political.

THRILLING ELOQUENCE.

The following touching passages are contained in the speech of the Hon. Mr. Boteler, delivered in the House on Wednesday. We honor the head and the heart from which they proceeded. The incidents narrated cannot fail to moisten every eye by which they are perused. The language employed for the purpose is the language of elevated patriotism.—States & Union.

"The district which I represent, and the country from which I come—that county made famous by the raid of Brown—was the first, the very first in all the South, to send succor to Massachusetts. In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful country, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of the hill, where a glorious spring leaps out into the sunlight from beneath the guarded roots of a thunder-riven oak, there assembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men who marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there, and their rallying cry was, 'a bee-line for Boston!'"

"That beautiful and peaceful valley had never been polluted by the footsteps of a foe; for even the Indians themselves kept it from the incursion of the enemy. It was the hunting range and neutral ground of the aborigines. This band assembled there, and 'a bee-line for Boston' was made from thence. Before they marched they made a pledge that all who survived would assemble there fifty years after that day.—It was my pride and pleasure to be present when the fifty years rolled around.—Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred and twenty—were all who were left to keep their trust, and be faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of many of whom were bleaching on the Northern hills."

"Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of patriots the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in twenty days—thirty miles a day—and how, as they neared their point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnaissance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and recognizing the linsy-wolsley hunting-shirts, of old Virginia, rode up to meet and greet them to the camp; how, when he saw their captain—his old companion in arms, Stephenson, who stood by his side at the Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and in many an Indian campaign, and who re-

ported himself to his commander as 'from the right bank of the Potomac'—he sprang from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms with both hands. He spoke no word of welcome, but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, all the while—as my informant told me—the big tears were seen coursing down his manly cheeks."

"Ay, sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorious soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia; because he saw that her citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. The Virginia volunteers had come spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of her Henry, that were leaping like live thunder through the land telling the people of Virginia that they must rally for Massachusetts. They had come to rally by Washington's side, to defend your fathers' firesides, to protect their homes from harm. Well, the visit has been returned! John Brown selected that very county as the spot for his tirade; we were sent here to pieces by this previsible conflict? Is it irrepressible? The battle will not be fought here. When the dark day comes, as come it may, when this question that now divides and agitates the hearts of the people can only be decided by the bloody arbitrament of the sword, it will be the saddest day for us and all mankind that the sun of Heaven has ever shone upon."

"I trust, Mr. Clerk, that this discussion will now cease. I trust that all will make an effort, by balloting, and by a succession of ballottings, to organize the House. I trust that we will go on in our efforts, day after day, until we do effect an organization, and proceed to perform the duties which we were sent here to perform, that the great heart of our country will cease to pulsate with the anxiety which now causes it to throb; and that we will each, in our own appropriate sphere, do what we can to make ourselves more worthy of the inestimable blessings which can only be enjoyed by a free and united people."

The Northern Democracy.

We make the following extract from the eloquent speech of Hon. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, which he lately delivered in the House of Representatives. In its spirit and tone, it cannot be too highly commended. Mr. Pryor says:

The truth is, that the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was susceptible of a various reading. Obvious enough on its face, like a palimpsest, it contained matter of grave import beneath the surface. We of the South said the principle of the bill was that the people of a Territory might determine the question of slavery in the exercise of State sovereignty, and in the act of organizing a State government. Others maintain that the principle of the bill recognized the right of the people, by an act of Territorial legislation, to determine the question of slavery. It is a palpable, important, and, I apprehend, irreparable, difference of construction. However, since, for our interpretation, we have the authority of the highest judicial tribunal, there is reason to hope it may eventually prevail.—But, be that as it may, I protest against the assumption that an opinion on Territorial power shall be made a test of political fidelity. I can understand how the enemies of the Democracy may employ and aggravate the issue as a wedge to rend asunder the unity of our party; but I cannot comprehend how any Democrat can assist in the suicidal operation. In all political organizations there must be some open questions. It is impossible to enforce an exact conformity of opinion upon every subject of speculation. The policy of the Democratic party has been to tolerate a difference of opinion in this matter of Territorial power.

The appointment of General Cass, the recognized author of the squatter sovereignty dogma, to the chief place in the present Democratic Administration, provoked no complaint or remonstrance from the Democracy of the South. I am for adhering to this judicious policy—"a salutary neglect." I persist in my own opinion; I will battle for its recognition by the Government; but I will not be so much the bigot as to sacrifice my friends, my party and my country to the idol of my peculiar speculations. In the story of the last siege and capitulation of Constantinople there are many mortifying illustrations of human depravity; but no circumstances that so frightful episode so shocks the sensibilities and abashes our pride at the pettinous alterations of the degenerate Greeks, over frivolous issues, in the very agony of the struggle, and while the barbarian hosts were thundering at the gates of the city. It was the infatuation of a race smitten with the vengeance of Heaven. But one national party interposed between the Capitol and the triumph of sectional encroachments; and shall the Democracy, in presence of the enemy and with such mighty issues in suspense, paralyze their strength by furious contentions over inferior and irrelevant issues? If they do, then will expire the last hope of the Union.

No, sir; however I differ from the Democrats of the North on this or that dogma, I have for them no taunt or reproach; but of tolerance and fraternal friendship, together. When I recount their past exploits; when I recall the many signal instances of their valor and devotion when I see them bravely bear up against the pressure of adverse influences, and emerge unscathed from the fiery furnace of fanatical persecution, or fall heroically, a Spartan band in the Thermopylae of the Union, swept down by the assaults of restless numbers, when I witnessed their fidelity on this floor, and in this struggle; when, in my own feeble endeavors to uphold the rights of the South and the supremacy of the Constitution, I feel the support of their generous arms, and am cheered by the sound of their fraternal voices; when I recall and observe these things, and still hear the Democracy of the North reproached by Representatives from the South, I am impelled to exclaim, with the indignant Roman: "Run to your houses, go upon your knees, and pray the gods to intermit the plagues that needs must fall on such ingratitude."

Out of the Fryingpan into the Fire—Helmielck the Dodger—"Backbone" Wanting—Talk of Doughfaces.

Some Republicans in this region have been crowing over Helmielck's refusal to vote for Hoffman, the Baltimore Plug Ugly-Know Nothing candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms. We have been waiting for the facts, and innocently supposing that Mr. Helmielck really and in good faith refused to vote for such a man and were about to congratulate him on so praiseworthy an act when our eyes fell upon the following extract from a letter of the Washington correspondent of the National Democrat, which places Mr. Helmielck in a most humiliating position.

"In my last letter, I believe, it was stated that every Ohio Republican member of the House had voted for Hoffman, of Maryland, as ultra pro-slavery Know Nothing, as Sergeant-at-Arms. This was incorrect. Messrs. Corwin, Stanton, and the member from the 15th district, Hon. Wm. Helmielck, did not do so. They did not vote at all. But Mr. Helmielck did what deserves at least equal if not more censure, than those who voted directly for Mr. Hoffman. Anxious for the latter's election, yet he lacked the courage—the 'backbone' of which the Republicans boast so much—to vote for him. The circumstances are as follows: Just before the vote was to be taken, he went to a Missouri Democrat, and requested him to 'pair off.' The member from Missouri (whose name I can mention if required) inquired of Mr. Helmielck if he (Helmielck) intended to vote for Hoffman. Mr. H. replied in the affirmative. The member from Missouri stated that he intended voting for Mr. Glossbrenner, but if it would be an accommodation to Mr. H. he would 'pair off' with him, and he did so. Fifteen minutes after the vote was taken, and Mr. Hoffman elected, the member from the 15th district again appeared in his seat.

"Mr. Helmielck's object in 'pairing off' was too apparent. He knew that it had been agreed upon among the Republicans to elect Mr. Hoffman, and was himself desirous of bringing about such a result. Yet, for him to vote directly for a slave holding Know-Nothing might make matters unpleasant for him next fall, when he again expects to be a candidate, and he therefore resorted to the 'old dodge' of 'pairing off' and not voting, in order that he might keep off the record. There are quite a number of naturalized voters in his district, and he knew full well, with his vote for Hoffman standing on the record, he could not expect their support at the next election—he could not deceive them by professions of hostility to Know-Nothingism—and hence he attempts, by 'pairing off,' to place himself in a position where he can play a 'double game'—to tell the naturalized voter that he did not vote for Hoffman, and the Know-Nothing that he would have done so had he not been 'paired off.' Let it be remembered, that the 'pairing off' was at Mr. Helmielck's own request, and also that he distinctly stated that he was in favor of Mr. Hoffman's election, and would vote for him were he not 'paired off.' I make the charge, and Mr. Helmielck will not dare deny it. I would not have devoted so much space to the gentleman from the 15th district, who, in the language of one of his Republican colleagues from Ohio, 'is about the smallest potatoe sent to the House for years,' but for the fact that one or two Republican correspondents have lately been endeavoring to convince the people of the 15th district that they have just the man to represent them—honest, patriotic and talented—a faithful and upright servant, worthy of all praise. The Republican press of his district will doubtless attempt to make capital out of his not voting for Hoffman; let the Democratic papers also give him the benefit thereof, by furnishing the true reason which induced him to such a course."

Wendell Phillips.

The Boston Post thus speaks of Wendell Phillips, the bitter enemy of the Union and open mouthed blasphemer, so idolized by a portion of the opposition, who lacked but the courage to be the Traitor in fact that he is in sentiment: "Phillips' curses upon Virginia are not more virulent than those he has uttered upon Massachusetts. It is not long since he concluded a harangue here by exclaiming, 'God damn Massachusetts!' This foul-mouthed blasphemer and advocate of treason—this rabid culture, who sniffs the stench of his own mental corruption as a sweet fragrance, and pollutes the air with its vile, seditious breath, glories in the baseness of his speech, and in the huge calumnies his malice engenders against those whose lofty virtues and patriotism, like Washington's, and whose genius and learning—like Webster's, Choate's and Everett's—fill his soul with envy of gifts denied him, and which demonstrates his own moral and political deformity. Does he present one characteristic worthy of respect? He allows no charity for those who differ with him in opinion—there are all knaves and cowards by his decision—villains of the blackest dye, while for himself he assumes the highest attributes—an honesty which he never exhibits, a courage which he never proves, a regard for justice which he never practices."

What It Cost.

In addition to the appropriation of \$5,000 from the State Treasury for the great Legislative drunk we must remember that the people "paid the piper" in another way. Five days were spent in preparation for indulging in and getting over the spree. There are one hundred and thirty-nine members of the General Assembly, and adding clerks, &c., the number is increased to about one hundred and sixty. These at four dollars cost the State \$540 each day, which if multiplied by five will give the nice little sum of \$2,700. Let the people remember that the present Black Republican State Legislature received this amount of pay while they were enjoying a bacchanalian feast at the expense of the good people whose votes elected them.

Served Her Right.

A fashionable young lady, a few days since, went into a store in Norfolk, Virginia, and after a thorough examination of its

AYER'S

Ague Cure,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the Malaria of miasmatic countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the ne-

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than *cure*, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful disorder. This "*CURE*" expels the miasmatic poison of *FEVER AND AGUE* from the system and prevents its reappearance. The disease, if taken in the first approach of its prophylactic symptoms, is not only the best, but the only cure.

For this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body; and in bilious districts, where FEVER and AGUE prevails, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. It is hoped this price will place it within the reach of all—the poor as well as the rich. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents, is that it contains no Quinine, and is therefore a safe and productive remedy, without any injurious effects being attended upon the consumption. These are its great advantages, and it is sold as it is. These are its great advantages, and it is sold as it is.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Catarrh, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This *"Germ"* excites the poison from

the blood, and consequently cures them all alike, is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excluded from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and we will ever suffer from Intermittents, if they fail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,
are so composed that disease within the range of their
action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their pen-
etrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate
every portion of the human organism, correcting its
excesses, and restoring its equilibrium.

consequence of these properties, the invalid who is worn down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find that the system is restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of cures, and a list of the various ailments and every-day complaints: Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache, rising from disordered stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and in Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstructions.

the renovation of the blood and the restoration of
one and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup,
Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for

the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our

name. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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